



Concert Choir

Debra Cairns, Conductor

**Iceland Tour
May 8-17, 2007**

Fimmtudaginn 10. Maí kl. 20:00

Stykkishólmsskirkja - Stykkishólmi

Föstudaginn 11. Maí kl. 20:00

Reykholtskirkja - Borgarfirði

Sunnudaginn 13. Maí kl. 16:00

Skálholtskirkja - Skálholti

Miðvikudaginn 16. Maí kl. 20:00

Fríkirkjan í Reykjavík

Fríkirkjuvegi 7

The program will be selected from the following pieces.

Songs of the Spirit

<i>Hospodi Pomilui</i>	Grigory Fyodorovich Lvovsky (1830–1894)
<i>Tantum ergo</i>	Joseph-Marie Déodat de Sévérac (1872–1921)

Songs of Trial and Hope

<i>From Sacred Songs</i> <i>Kyrie</i> <i>Agnus Dei</i>	Megan Chartrand, soprano	August Söderman (1832–1876)
<i>Ave Maris Stella</i>		Johan-Magnus Sjöberg (b. 1953)
<i>From Six Latin Hymns, op 40</i> <i>Psalmus CXX</i>		Otto Olsson (1879–1964)

Songs of Night

<i>Abendlied</i>	Josef Gabriel Rheinberger (1839–1901)
<i>Aftonen</i>	Hugo Alfvén (1872–1960)

Songs of Iceland

Afmorsvísa

Snorri Sigfús Birgisson
(b. 1954)

Vísur Vatnsenda-Rósu

arr. Jón Ásgeirsson
(b. 1921)

Hættu að gráta hringaná

Hafliði Hallgrímsson
(b. 1941)

Intermission

Songs of Scandinavia

Tre Körvisor

Wilhelm Stenhammar
(1871–1927)

September

I Seraillets Have

Havde jeg, o havde je en Dattersøn, o ja!

Jag Blåste I Min Pipa

arr. Anders Nyberg
(b. 1955)

Sarah Toane, soprano

Och jungfrun hon går i ringen

Hugo Alfvén

Songs of England and the United States

Three Elizabethan Part Songs

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Sweet Day

The Willow Song

O Mistress Mine

i will wade out

Eric Whitacre
(b. 1970)

Songs of Canada

She's Like the Swallow

Stephen Chatman
(b. 1950)

Alouette

arr. Robert Sund
(b. 1942)

From *Five Ontario Folk Songs*

Ruth Watson Henderson
(b. 1932)

The Maggie Hunter

Jonathan Hamill, piano

Soon ah will be done wi'

de troubles of dis worl'

arr. Diane Loomer
(b. 1940)

Rover Lai, tenor

Gate Gate

Brian Tate
(b. 1954)

Jonathan Hamill, piano

Here's to Song

Allister MacGillivray
(b. 1948)

arr. Lydia Adams
(b. 1953)

Eve Richardson and Sarah Toane, sopranos

Jonathan Hamill, piano

Texts and Translations

Hospodi Pomilui

Hospodi Pomilui

Lord, have mercy

Tantum ergo

Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui:
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui:
Praestet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

So great a sacrament
let us therefore revere;
And let the old covenant
give way to the new rite.
May faith grant assistance
to the deficiency of our senses.

Genitori, genitoque
Laus et iubilatio,
Salus, honor virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio.

To the Begetter and the Begotten
let there be jubilant praise,
salvation, honor, power
and also blessing.
To Him that proceeds from either
let there be equal praise.

Sacred Songs

Kyrie

Kyrie eleison;
Christe eleison;
Kyrie eleison.

Lord have mercy;
Christ have mercy;
Lord have mercy.

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei miserere nobis.

Lamb of God, have mercy on us.

Six Latin Hymns

Psalmus CXX

Ad Dominum cum tribularer clamavi
et exaudivit me.
Domine libera animam meam
a labiis iniquis et a lingua dolosa.
Quid detur tibi,
aut quid apponatur tibi
ad linguam dolosam?
Sagittæ potentis acutæ
cum carbonibus de solatoriis.
Heu mihi, quia incolatus meus
prolongatus est:
habitavi cum habitantibus Cedar;
multum incola fuit anima mea.
Cum his, qui oderunt pacem,
eram pacificus:
cum loquebar illis impugnabant
me gratis.

When I was troubled I called out to the
Lord and He heard me.
O Lord, deliver my soul from deceitful
lips and from tongues that lie.
What shall he give you,
or what shall he mete out to you,
with your lying tongue?
The sharp arrows of a warrior,
with red-hot coals that will consume
you.
Woe to me because my lonely sojourn
has been lengthened:
for I dwelt with the people of Cedar;
and my soul was as a lonely pilgrim.
With those who hated peace,
I was a peacemaker:
when I spoke to them they attacked
me without reason.

Abendlied

Bleib bei uns,
denn es will Abend werden,
und der Tag hat sich geneiget.

Bide with us,
for evening shadows darken,
and the day will soon be over.

Aftonen

Skogen står tyst, himlen är klar.
Hör, huru tjuande vallhornet lullar.
Kvällsolens bloss sänker sig ner,
ner uti den lugna, klara våg.
Ibland dälder, gröna kullar
eko kring nejden far.

The trees are still, the sky clear,
Listen to the Waldhorn's song.
The evening sun slowly sinks
Into the calm, clear waters.
In the valley, amongst the hills,
Rings the echo.

Afmorsvísa

Enn nærast elskan sanna,
enn kærleiks funinn brennur,
enn blossar ástar tinna,
enn kviknar glóð of henni,

enn giftist ungur svanni,
enn saman hugir renna,
enn gefast meyjar mönnum,
menn hallast enn til kvenna.

Still true love is nourished,
Still burns the passion's fire,
Still sparks the flint of desire,
Igniting the flame of love.

Still young lads get married,
Still two spirits join
Still maidens marry men,
Men still lean to women,

Still true love is nourished,
Still burns the passion's fire,
Still sparks the flint of desire,
Igniting the flame of love.

Vísur Vatnsenda-Rósu

Augun míن og augun þín,
ó, þá fögru steina,
Mitt er þitt og þitt er mitt,
Þú veizt hvað ég meina.

My eyes and your eyes,
Oh, behold those jewels.
Mine is yours and yours is mine,
You know my heart's desire.

Langt er síðan sá ég hann
Sannlega friður var hann.
Allt sem prýða má einn mann,
mest af lyðum bar hann.

Long time has passed since
I last beheld him,
His striking beauty lingers.
Beholding every human virtue,
None has been as worthy.

Þig ér trega manna mest,
mædd af tára floði,
Ó, að við hefðum aldrei sést
elsku vinurinn góði.

You I grieve most deeply,
Fatigued from flow of tears.
Oh, if our paths had never crossed
My darling, loving friend.

Hættu að gráta hringaná

Hættu að gráta hringaná
Heyrðu ræðu mína
Ég skal gefa þér gull í tá
Þó Grimur taki þína.

Hættu að gráta hringaná
Huggun er það meiri
Ég skal gefa þér gull í tá
Þó Grimur taki fleiri.

Hættu að gráta hringaná
Huggun má það kalla
Ég skal gefa þér gull í tá
Þó Grimur taki þær allar.

Tre Körvisor

September

Alle de voksende Skygger
har vævet sig sammen til en,
ensom paa Himmelten lyser
en Stjerne saa straalende ren,
Skyerne have saa tunge Drømme,
Blomsternes Øjne i Duggraad
svømme,
underligt Aftenvinden suser i Linden.

I Seraillets Have

Rosen sænker sit Hoved,
tungt af Dug og Duft,
og Pinjerne svaje saa tyst
og mat i lumre Luft.
Kilderne vælte det tunge
Sølv i døsig Ro,
Minareterne pege mod
Himlen op i Tyrketro,
og Halvmaanen driver
saa jævnt afsted
over det jævne Blaa
og den kysser Rosers
og Liljers Flok,
alle de Blomster smaa
i Seraillets Have.

Stop your crying hringana!
Hear my soothing words
I shall bestow some gold for each toe
Though Grimur deprives you one.

Stop your crying hringana!
Hear my soothing words
I shall bestow some gold for each toe
Though Grimur deprives you more.

Stop your crying hringana!
Hear my soothing words
I shall bestow some gold for each toe
Though Grimur deprives them all.

All the growing shadows
have been woven into one,
alone up in the skies a lonely star
is shining so brilliant and clean.
The clouds are dreaming heavily,
the flowers' eyes are swimming
in dew-tears,
and the evening wind rustles
mysteriously in the lime trees.

The rose is sinking its head
heavy with dew and fragrance,
and the pines are waving so silent
and faint in the sultry air.
The brooks roll their heavy iron
in complete tranquility,
Minarets point at Heaven
in the Turkish faith,
and the half moon
slowly drifts away
over the evening-blue
and kisses the gardens of roses
and lilies,
all those little flowers
in Seraglio's Garden.

Havde jeg, o havde jeg

Havde jeg, o havde jeg
en Dattersøn, o ja!
og en Kiste med mange Penge,
saa havde jeg vel ogsaa
havt en Datter, o ja,
og Hus og Hjem og Marker og Enge.
Tra la la ...
Havde jeg, o havde jeg
en Datterlil, o ja!
og Hus og Hjem og Marker og Enge,
saa havde jeg vel ogsaa
havt en Kærest, o ja!
med Kister med mange Penge.
Tra la la ... o havde jeg en Dattersøn!

If I had, oh if I had
a little grandson! Yes!
And a box filled with money,
then I would have had
a daughter, oh yes,
and a home, and fields and meadows.
Tra la la ...
If I had, oh if I had
a little daughter, yes!
And a home, and fields and meadows,
then I would have also had
a fiancée, oh yes!
With boxes full of money.
Tra la la ... and I'd have a grandson.

Jag Blåste I Min Pipa

Jag blåste i min pipa
då kom en liten duva fram.
Hon hette Rännar Stina
jag tog na i min famn.
La da di da-di-da-di...

I was playing a flute
and a dove came out.
Her name was Rännar Stina
and I embraced her.

Sen gångar jag till skogen
med bössan och pistolen
att skjuta unga duvor
och sällan nyttja krut.
La-di damm...

Then I went to the forest
with my pistol
to hunt doves
without using any gun powder.

Och jungfrun hon går i ringen

Och jungfrun hon går i ringen
med rödan gullband.
Det binder hon om
sin kärastes arm.

A young girl goes dancing
with a red ribbon.
She ties it fast
around her sweetheart's arm.

Men kära min lilla jungfru
knyt inte så hårdt.
Jag ämnar ej
att rymma bort.

My dearest girl,
please don't tie it so hard.
I am certainly not going
to run away from you.

Och jungfrun hon går och lossar
på rödan gullband.
Så hastigt den skälmen
åt skogen då sprang.

The girl then frees him
from the red ribbon.
Quickly the rascal
flees to the forest.

Då sköto de efter honom
med femton gevär.
Och vill ni mig något,
så ha ni mig här.

They chase after him
with fifteen long muskets.
He laughingly mocks them and says,
"Here I am."

Sweet Day

Sweet day!
So cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;
For thou must die.

Sweet spring!
Full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to
coal,
Then chiefly lives.

The Willow Song

The poor soul sat sighing
by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom,
her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.

The fresh streams ran by her,
and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her,
and soften'd the stones;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Sing all a green willow
must be my garland.

O Mistress Mine

O mistress mine,
where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear;
Your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love?
'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:

O Mistress Mine (cont'd)

In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and
twenty.
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

i will wade out

i will wade out
till my thighs are steeped
in burning flowers
i will take the sun in my mouth
and leap into the ripe air
alive with closed eyes
to dash against the darkness

in the sleeping curves of my body
shall enter fingers of smooth mastery
with chasteness of seagirls
will i complete the mystery of my flesh

i will rise after a thousand years
lipping flowers
and set my teeth
in the silver of the moon.

She's like the Swallow

She's like the swallow that flies so
high,
She's like the river that never runs dry,
She's like the sunshine on the lee
shore,
I love my love and love is no more.

'Twas out in the garden this fair maid
did go,
A picking the beautiful primrose;
The more she plucked the more she
pulled
Until she got her apron full.

It's out of those roses she made a
bed,
A stony pillow for her head.
She laid her down, no word she
spoke,
Until this fair maid's heart was broke.

Alouette

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai la tête....
Et la bouche....
Et le nez...
Et les yeux.
Alouette. Alouette.

Little lark, pretty lark,
Little lark, I will pluck you.
I will pluck your head....
And your mouth....
And your nose....
And your eyes.
Little lark. Little lark.

The Maggie Hunter

Oh, sad and dismal is the tale
to you I will relate,
'Tis of the Maggie Hunter,
her crew and their sad fate,
How they sank beneath the deep,
in life to rise no more,
In one of the fearful gales that sweep
Ontario's dreary shore.

They left Oswego on their lee,
the whitecaps high did roll.
Bound for the fair Queen City
with three hundred tons of coal.
There never was a jollier crew
sailed on the lakes or seas
As they their canvas all did make
and spread it to the breeze.

When they got well outside the piers
it blew a lively gale,
By orders of the captain
'tis supposed they shortened sail,
Of all the captains on the lake
Frank Nixon reigned as chief,
So they sailed on for Toronto
with their canvas closely reefed.

The whitecaps dashed before the
bow,
like thunder they did roar,
As if singing a sad requiem
she would plough the waves no more.

The Maggie Hunter (cont'd)

Two Newman brothers before the mast
their duty they did do,
Together with three other men
composed the Hunter's crew.

So dusk came down and darkness next,
it was a fearful night,
The ill-fated Maggie Hunter
she's now far out of sight.
She's now far out of sight, my boys,
now will be seen no more,
Down in the deep now all do sleep
far from their friends on shore.

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

Six months afterwards the cook was found
floating near the shore,
The many friends who loved her
will never greet her more.
A hatch, a boom, a broken spar,
The drowned woman's pale dead face,
Of that stout craft and gallant crew
remain the only trace.

So come all ye that follow the land
and a living there do make,
It's little do you make,
of the dangers of these lakes,
Whenever there a storm arise
think of the night it blew,
And the Maggie Hunter she went down
with all her gallant crew.

Soon ah will be done wi' de troubles of dis worl'

I want to see my Jesus,...
Goin' home to God.

Soon ah will be done
wi' de troubles of dis worl',...
Goin' home to God.

I want to meet my brother,
I want to meet my sister,
I want to meet my mother,
Goin' home to God.

Soon ah will be done
wi' de troubles of dis worl',...
Goin' home to God.

No mo' weepin' and wailin'!...
Goin' home to God.

Gate Gate

Gate gate
Paragate
Parasamgate
Bodhi svaha.

*Gone, gone,
Gone all the way over,
Everyone gone to the other shore,
Enlightenment, Hallelujah!*

Here's to Song

The candle flickers t'wards its last;
our time together's ended.
The evening sped so swiftly past;
no richer way to spend it.
Before we head our sep'rate ways,
I'd like in truthfulness to say:
you've made this day a special day
with songs and kindness splendid.

Here's to song, here's to time,
here's to both with friends of mine.
Here's to friends who raise their
voices high.
Kings have riches widely lain,
lords have land but then again,
we have friends and song no wealth
can buy.

We each a diff'rent road must go,
to mountain, sea or city.
The hour has come for sweet adieus,
and ah, the more's the pity.
But first unite in hand and heart
and sing a chorus 'ere we part,
for ev'ry end leads to a start,
we need not break so sadly.

Here's to song, here's to time,...

And 'till out paths in future cross,
may blessings kindly greet you.
Until that time I must, alas,
only in mem'ry meet you.
But often I will sit and stare,
and think upon this evening rare,
the company beyond compare;
for now, farewell and thank you.

Here's to song, here's to time,...

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA CONCERT CHOIR

Founded in 1970, the University of Alberta Concert Choir is a large ensemble of 70 singers, most of whom are in their first or second year of post-secondary education. Membership in the choir is open to students across the campus through auditions held at the beginning of each year. As a result, the singers come from such diverse disciplines as business, sciences, education and the arts, as well as music itself.

A wide variety of sacred and secular choral masterpieces are studied each year, ranging from motets, part songs and spirituals, to large works with orchestra. The University of Alberta Concert Choir has appeared with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, has performed at the Alberta Music Conference, been heard on national broadcast of the CBC, and has been regular national semi finalists in the CBC Amateur Choir Competition.

Tours form an important part of the education and experience of these young singers. Over the 37-year history of the choir, travels have taken the ensemble to Europe, China and the United States. In recent years the choir has traveled to the east coast of Canada, southwestern Ontario, to various parts of Alberta, and to Vancouver Island. The members of this year's Concert Choir are delighted to be traveling to Iceland for the first time in the ensemble's history!

DEBRA CAIRNS, Director

Debra Cairns is a Professor in the Department of Music at the University of Alberta where she co-ordinates and co-supervises the graduate program in choral conducting, teaches undergraduate and graduate conducting, choral literature, diction for singers, and conducts the University of Alberta Concert Choir. She is also the director of the community chamber choir, *i coristi*, an award-winning ensemble that she formed in 1994 (www.icoristi.com). A recipient of the Sir Ernest MacMillan Memorial Prize in Conducting (awarded by the Canada Council), Dr Cairns is in demand both nationally and internationally as a guest conductor, clinician, adjudicator, and workshop and conference presentor. In April 2002 Debra Cairns was nominated for the Syncrude Canada Award for Innovative Artistic Direction in recognition of her work with *i coristi chamber choir*. She is currently the Vice President of the Association of Canadian Choral Conductors (ACCC).

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Founded in 1908, the University of Alberta is located in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Initially housed in a single small building, the university has grown to include a main campus that comprises 90 buildings and spreads over 50 city blocks; there are also 2 satellite campuses and several off-campus facilities, one of which is in Cortona, Italy. The university has vibrant undergraduate and programs in a broad variety of disciplines that range from mathematics, engineering, environmental studies, medicine, dentistry and law, to sociology, philosophy, psychology, history, art and design, drama, and music. Currently the student enrollment is about 36,000, and the faculty and support staff is about 9,000. The university's motto is "Quaecumque vera ("whatsoever things are true"). For further information, visit the University's website www.ualberta.ca.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

The Department of Music is recognized as having one of the most outstanding mid-sized music programs in Canada. With a full-time faculty of 20, as well as 50 sessional faculty, the Department provides programs of study in all performing and academic (ethnomusicology, musicology and theory) areas of Music, as well as in composition, with approximately 130 undergraduate and 50 graduate students.

The Department supports 12 ensembles, including 5 in the choral/vocal area: the Concert Choir, Graduate Recital Choir, *Happnin' Jazz Choir*, Madrigal Singers and Opera Workshop. Graduates of the music programs can be found in orchestras, bands, choruses, opera companies, recording studios, music schools and universities around the world, as well as in education, arts administration, music retailing, community music making, music therapy, and the radio, television and recording industries.

For more information about the Department and its programs, please visit our website: www.ualberta.ca/music

University of Alberta Concert Choir

Iceland Tour Choir

Dr Debra Cairns, Director

Jonathan Hamill, Accompanist

Soprano

Megan Chartrand, Sherwood Park, Alberta

Danielle Germain, Edmonton, Alberta

Ashton Low, Coaldale, Alberta

Emilijana Plancak, Camrose, Alberta

Eve Richardson, Victoria, British Columbia

Sarah Toane, Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta

Rae Veillard, Rocky Mountain House, Alberta

Alto

Catherine Benavides, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

Christine Browne-Munz, Vancouver, British Columbia

Lisa Brownie, Edmonton, Alberta

Angela Chiang-Sloman, Edmonton, Alberta

Lana Cuthbertson*, Edmonton, Alberta

Sima Shamsi*, Edmonton, Alberta

Shannon Sutherland, Edmonton, Alberta

Tenor

Ian Bonyun, Sherwood Park, Alberta

Jonathan Hamill*, Regina, Saskatchewan

Rover Lai, Hong Kong

Trent Worthington, St Albert, Alberta

Bass

Ross McDonald*, Brandon, Manitoba

Cameron Powell, Edmonton, Alberta

Carson Powell, Edmonton, Alberta

Eric Schubert, Calgary, Alberta

Brady Sherard, Beaverlodge, Alberta

Dadi Sverrisson, Reykjavik, Iceland

* denotes Executive

Garth Hobden, Recording Engineer

Edmonton, Alberta

*If Music
is an important part
of your life...*



Join us!

DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC